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On the Occasion of the  
DESCENT  
OF  
HIS HIGHNESS  
THE  
Prince of Orange  
INTO  
ENGLAND,  
AND THEIR  
Highnesses Accession to the CROWN.  
A  
Pindarique O D E.

I.  
Virtue, how weak is thy Defence !  
How weak thy Guards of Innocence !  
When giddy Pow'r has but a weak pretence ;  
A weak pretence too strong will prove  
For all thy mighty, humble Bonds of Love ;  
The Poyson of a weak pretence  
Will stain thy bright Obedience ;  
Tho' Passive 'tis, and 'tis refin'd,  
Beyond the common kind ;  
Tho' free,  
From the blind Bigot, and Hypocrisy.

II.  
In the warm clofe  
Of sacred *Charles's* easie Reign,  
The truth too lucidly arose  
To be suspected vain ;

A

Dis

Dissolv'd in ease, and weakn'd with delight,  
 The trust of pow'r was in the Jesuite;  
 The Jesuite profoundly knew  
 The Arts to huddle up old Plots, by forging new,  
 From out the Noose his neck he swiftly drew;  
 For aversion some, and some for gain,  
 Would the old truth maintain;  
 Too eagerly they hurried on  
 The after-game,  
 And wrought their heedless Zeal into a Flame,  
 That serv'd to shape their own;  
 Some justly for their folly fell:  
 Yet why should pious *Russel* bear a part?  
 Who ne'r knew Art,  
 But to oblige his Countries King and God:  
 Why noble *Essex* bear the double Load,  
 Of Active, and of passive ill?  
 A martyr'd Saint, tho meant a Sacrifice to Hell.

## O T T I I I.

Yet, glorious Soul, from thee  
 Far be the specious Villany:  
 Thy Errors only were too kind,  
 For plenty, and for ease design'd;  
 Thy thoughts employ'd in Love, and Peace;  
 And all thy genuine Acts were Acts of grace;  
 Thy Justice did to all afford  
 The Ballance, very few the Sword:  
 But thus misled  
 Thy *Judas* in the Kiss betray'd,  
 And in our Temples rended veils we needs must read,  
 How their great Saviour Dy'd.

## I V.

'Tis done, and 'tis a *Roman* Deed,  
 The day now openly they claim;  
 Numerous unerring Tragedies succeed,  
 The sanction of a *Roman* Aim;  
 And Vertue languishes at best,  
 Or only for design,  
 Or by oppression is contest:  
 The sacred Fence of Law goes down,  
 And nothing's left us but the Gown:  
 The Gospel should the Turn pursue,  
 If Wolves disguis'd amongst the Sheep could do:  
 All Faith by Precedents deny'd,  
 To Heav'n 'tis scarce ally'd;  
 And hope can on her Anchor hardly stem the Tyde:  
 Unmask't the Jesuite appears,  
 Unmask't the Reverend Villany he bears;  
 For Hell the Tool to nothing else intends.  
 But ruin to his Friends:

Ah!

Ah! Royal *James*, thou might'st have known  
 Thy pleasant *Eden* yet thy own;  
 Thy pow'r next Heaven, thy Actions free,  
 And all thy Creatures fond of thee;  
 Had not thy Womans vicious Appetite  
 Been cheated by the Devil the Jesuite.

## V.

But purging Remedies must ease  
 The Heats of a Disease:  
 And tho the Devil, and Woman fixt the Vice  
 On vain,  
 Deluded Man,  
 'Twas Heav'n expell'd him Paradiſe;  
 Heav'n ſaw the Clogg his People drew  
 From Woman, and the Bigot too;  
 He ſaw the Conſcientious Arts begun,  
 And lavishly he ſaw them carry'd on;  
 He ſaw the Fleſh pots dreſt, t'incite  
 His *Iſrael* to drudge with Appetite;  
 But when once bound to ſlavery, he knew,  
 That Leeks and Onyons would profuſely do;  
 He ſaw, and heard at length the Cries  
 They offer'd for their Miſeries;  
 And *Orange*, *Mofes*-like ordain'd,  
 T' expunge the faithleſs King, and purge th' infected land.

## VI.

He comes, He comes, th' Almighty's choice!  
 The Winds, and Seas obey his Voice!  
 'Twas Heav'n the mighty work begun,  
 For every Act of thine,  
 Almighty *Hèro*, is divine;  
 For Heav'n are all the conqueſts thou haſt won:  
 To thy Commiſſion who would not ſubmit!  
 Whoſe Victories are in the gaining ſweet;  
 And in fruition ſure muſt be divinely great.  
 Thoſe noble Searching Souls, who early knew  
 The Miſeries that would enſue;  
 And early were oppreſt,  
 For turning evils to the beſt,  
 Heav'n's gracious care at thy approach confeſt;  
 On thee their Faith, and Hope ſecurely plac't:  
 Nor flatt'ring Honour, vicious Gain,  
 Nor Influence, the reſt could chain,  
 On thee to truſt 'tis ſafe, on them 'tis vain:  
 But *Churchill* let me ever name;  
*Churchill*, the Muſes happy claim!  
*Churchill*, the Precedent of fame!  
 His Vertue, no prevailing caſe,  
 No weak'ning Honours e're could leſſen to Degrees;  
 Nor Court, nor Camp, but by deſerts could pleaſe.

Be-

Betwixt he to his God intends,  
 His Cause ( he knew ) deserv'd before his Friends ;  
 Betwixt the Glorious Course pursu'd,  
 He knew, that to be great was to be good,  
 And scorn'd the specious Murmurs of the Crowd ;  
 He truly knew,  
 That Heav'n was won by loss, and scandal too.

## VII.

*To Triumpe!* be your Song,  
 That to the House of God belong ;  
 Such holy extasies are due,  
 O *Albion*, from all thy Laymen too:  
 For where do's Heav'n's prevailing mercies shine,  
 With greater Lustre, than on Thine ?  
 Would you conquer Heav'n, prevent  
 The wretched ills your sins have meant ?  
 This conquest is your President :  
 Would you all the beauties know,  
 That peace and lovesome ease can shew ?  
 Obey and Love the mighty two.  
 Love and Obedience, are the sweetest Fruit  
 Of Heaven, the pleasing Attribute.  
 Hail ! sacred *Hero*, blest the Crown !  
 That Heav'n and Merit makes thy own :  
 May all thy gentl Kingdoms prove,  
 As easie as thy Royal Love ;  
 And may thy Scepter still possess the Dove.  
*Ave Maria!* full of Grace,  
 And all as charming as thy Face ;  
 For thus religiously to thee  
 We bow from superstition free :  
 May all thy Hours be crown'd with bliss,  
 Sweet as thy thoughts, and great as his ;  
 May constant Love, and useful War,  
 Attend your service every where ;  
 And still may your Auspicious Rule  
 Extend o're all, inlarge in ev'ry Soul.

FINIS.